

*Summer 1934  
Berlin-Lichterfelde-West*

# **Narrative of a National Socialist**

**ENTRY INTO WRITING CONTEST FOR NSDAP PARTY MEMBERS**



*by Heinrich Brüßler*

## **1918: Why did we not win?**

Instead of a long discussion, I would like to start this "curriculum vitae" with an experience, a question so to speak, which was suitable for directing me early on to the political events after the war, and soon pointed me towards the National Socialist movement and Adolf Hitler.

It was at the beginning of November 1918, when I was just seven years old and was struggling with the mysteries of language, writing and numbers like every other citizen of the world at that age. We children, four of us, knew that the war, from whose hardship we had suffered for four long years, had come to

an ignominious end. We felt dully that we were the innocent victims of the great game of politicians and diplomats. When the army returned home, we asked the returnees why we had not won.... The old men replied that we were still too young, we didn't understand yet. Yes, we didn't understand. I saw the soldiers marching into my home town of Eisenach in the heart of the German Reich. In their tired eyes was a dull despair about the German fate that was now inevitably unfolding. There was music and flowers for the brave. In between, the red mob roared. It was a hard time. The empire was in ruins, Moscow ruled the day. That's how I, as a rascal of seven, felt about German fate. We all experienced a mental catastrophe of unprecedented proportions. Many broke down, resigned themselves, gave up trying to turn this fate around because they no longer had an idea or a leader they could serve.

Around the turn of the century, my father had come to Eisenach from the Hessian region, where his ancestors had originally lived as farmers. He was driven to the city by the hardship of the meagre land, which did not feed many of his siblings. By leaving the land of his fathers, he merely followed the example of many. The great migration had begun, the inexorable move from the countryside to the city. My father became a civil servant when he laid down the plow. We children lived along in this joyless time. We went to school because we wanted to "become" something, because we had plans for the future.

## 1919: Bloody May

In the first days of May 1919, the red revolt flared up again in Eisenach. My mother told me that I wasn't allowed to go into the town, there would be shooting. Well, I thought, why is there still shooting now? The war was over long ago! I stole away from the house and ran into the market square. Black crowds were massed in front of the town hall. Women and children were crying. The crowd wanted to storm the town hall. The police fired. 8 or 10 workers were dead. Later I saw the sad procession to the cemetery. Communists with red armbands dragged the cart with the dead lying openly on it, one next to the other. The escorts tore hats and caps off the heads of the bystanders. One should have respect for the dead terrorists.

## 1925: Who is Adolf Hitler?

The years went by. It was a difficult time. Inflation wiped out my father's fortune and with it any hope of studying later. In the meantime, I had swapped elementary school for secondary school. I wanted to "become something", I had plans...

In 1925 — I was 15 years old at the time — I heard the name Adolf Hitler for the first time. Someone on the school bench had thrown the name into a boyish discussion. It was the great time when Hitler was trying to overthrow the incompetent Berlin government from Munich. Betrayal shattered the enterprise and sent Hitler to prison. These events haunted our young minds. We didn't know who Hitler was, we hadn't seen him yet. My father didn't know either.

## 1926: The New Spirit of Weimar

Three years had passed since then. As I grew older, my private interests and those of school increasingly took precedence over politics. I remember sitting for hours reading the newspaper and studying the political news, so that I almost forgot about school. My father often called me a newspaper man. In 1926, long columns of cars drove through our town towards Weimar, swastika banners fluttering in the wind. Hitler summoned his followers to Weimar and proclaimed the rebirth of the National Socialist movement there. From that moment on, our young minds were filled with the symbol of the movement, the black swastika on a white field in a red cloth.

## 1930: The Example

When I was 18 years old, I experienced the movement for the first time. Hitler's soldiers had marched into our town to demonstrate for the cause. On a Sunday, the brown formations marched on the market square. Among those commemorating the heroes of the great war, I noticed a man, already elderly, whose head was bandaged and whose brown shirt was covered in dark red blood, curdling in the warmth of the day. The SA man did not move from the

column, in his eyes was the bright gleam of joyful confidence. I stared at this man as he stood there, his features unmoving, defiant as he raised his hand to swear, as Horst Wessel's song rang out to the heavens, the eternal example of his people.

To this day I know not what change took place within me since that moment. I pondered for days and nights, my performance at school dropped precariously, I had no more joy. I only ever saw this man in the bloody shirt.

### 1931: Mr. No. 708157

Secretly, I finally joined the party in 1931 - I was in primary school and was about to graduate from high school. Although all political activity was forbidden to us pupils (what wasn't forbidden in the name of democracy!), from then on I worked for the movement as a block leader in the political organization. I went to the meetings, listened to the speakers, passed on what I had learned, I carried propaganda material to the letterboxes of the black, red and gold officials of the Republic and the red proles, I sneaked home at night and in the fog. I no longer belonged to myself, but to the movement. Bourgeois life with its pleasures, dancing and games was no longer my concern. The others did sports and went to their clubs and circles, they didn't give a damn about the political fate of Germany - I and many thousands of the best Germans with me gave themselves completely to the service of the movement. The idea had taken hold of us. It would not let us go. Therein lies the secret of its success and the victory of the movement.

### 1932: The "Big Life"

I had to work very hard to achieve my goal - the Higher School Certificate. But I made it, despite my political activities. We were graduated into the "big life" with a democratic peace speech on the "achievements" of the Republic. The "big life" was supposed to begin. But it didn't begin. There was no room for us. No opportunity to make an impact. What now, was the big question. Study? Impossible! Where would I get the money? I decided to become a journalist. But even there — especially as a National Socialist — there was no prospect of

employment. I worked on a cultural-political magazine that was sympathetic to the aims of the NSDAP so that I wouldn't be completely unemployed. After I was released from the Nazi Party, I was finally able to join the SA, of which I am still a member today.

As I said, the "big life" didn't begin. It couldn't begin. Instead, the final battle of the movement began, which now demanded all our strength. In the SA, I experienced the sacred community of brown fighters that nothing in the world could separate. Propaganda marches, hall shooters, alarms, daily duty, hourly readiness — that was the SA. Their path took them past hospitals and into prisons. Nothing was able to shake them. Every day brought new victories, the movement pushed forward unceasingly.

### **1933: Fulfillment**

January 30, 1933, 5 o'clock in the afternoon: Hitler becomes Reich Chancellor. Immense jubilation in the city. We immediately alert the entire SA for the evening. The disgrace is over. Germany rises under the sign of the swastika, which we aspire to serve without end.